

The Creighton Chronicle

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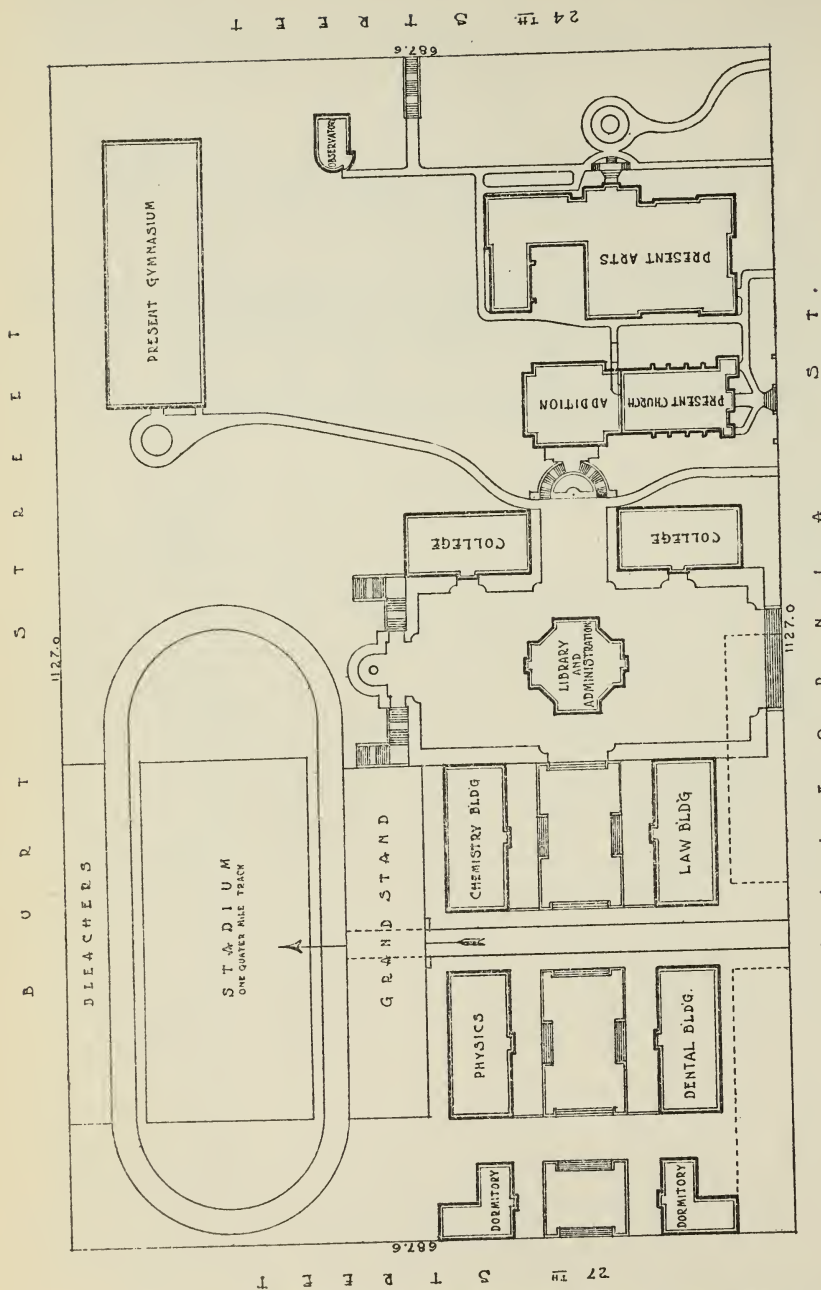
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1920

THE CREIGHTON UNIVERSITY, OMAHA, NEBRASKA

GROUND PLAN FOR THE PROPOSED GROUP OF UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS

The Dental and Law Buildings and the addition to the Chapel will be begun this spring.



C A L I F O R N I A
CREDITON UNIVERSITY CAMPUS
SCALE: 1 INCH = 80 FEET

JOHN LATENSER & SONS
ARCHITECTS
OMAHA, NEBR.

The Creighton Chronicle

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A HIGHER STANDARD OF CITIZENSHIP*



FEW years ago, ladies and gentlemen, the people of this country were looked upon as the most peaceful, the most prosperous, and the most contented in the world. People of foreign lands flocked to our shores as to a haven of happiness. And they were never disappointed in finding that peace of mind for which they sought. But now, alas, 'tis gone! That feeling of happiness and contentment has vanished almost entirely from our land.

The period in which we now live is one of anxiety, apprehension, and general social unrest. No one, it seems, is contented, and everybody is restless. We have passed beyond the point of transition. Where all was peace and prosperity and joy, we now hear the cries of cruelty and crime. We may take up any newspaper or magazine of recent date, and there we shall see in large, compelling print, the accounts of any number of outrages committed daily in our country. If it is not the extortion of Capital or the sabotage of Labor, then it is the race riots, and if it is not these it is the criminal acts of Bolshevism.

And the time is come when a serious question confronts the American people. Why this change from good to evil? What is at the bottom of all this disturbance and turmoil? My friends, the answer to that question is known to every one of us if we

*This speech was awarded first place in the Annual College Oratorical Contest.

but allow ourselves to acknowledge it. There is but one answer to that question, and that is, the degradation of a time honored citizenship.

“This is no time to fire the imagination. It is imperative to follow in calm reason the way of truth, justice, and right with fidelity and courage.” We must save ourselves and our country from the terrible depths of avarice and barbarism into which we are slowly but surely sinking. Our surest, and indeed our only way to regain that paradise of a few years past lies not in the mere mechanical process of legislation, not in the bulky or flowery tones of the politician, but in the putting into practice of a new and a higher standard of citizenship.

Now to accomplish our purpose with the best results we must begin at the very root of all this evil. In other words, the American people must come to the realization that their unbridled desire to gain wealth, influence, and power is crushing out the very life of the nation. In the mad rush for gold and power we depart from the old ideals of citizenship. The citizen loses his sense of individual dignity, and casts aside his “relations and responsibilities” to the government. This nation was made and preserved for us by the life-blood of true Americans, whose ideal of government was individual manhood and individual responsibility. But these ideals of clean, elevated minds are now being supplanted by the degrading dogma of the survival of the fittest. Men of today show no regard for their neighbors, no regard for their government, yea, even their consciences are trampled down beneath the brutal feet of selfishness. Gold, gold, gold! This is the reigning god of today. It throws out its bright, glittering snares to our people, and on its altar men lay their honor, their souls, and their all. This, my friends, must be stopped. And stopped soon, ere it is too late. If we wish to preserve those principles for which the best blood of America was so willingly shed, if we mean for this grand nation to continue in its life of well earned glory and freedom, we must ourselves be loyal, worthy citizens.

Our country is now dazzled with the prospect of foreign commerce, and is giving itself madly to the pursuit of this object. Let us, my friends, take a lesson from the past. Spain, Portugal, France and Germany each in its turn was a prosperous and flourishing nation. Each in its turn set out upon that dangerous sea of commercial imperialism, and what was the result? More and more unequal distribution of wealth, greater class hatred, and finally the destruction of the nation. All this, my friends, is in consequence of a country's exchanging the true ideals of citizenship, freedom and the greatest good of the greatest number, for the sordid fetish of wealth and vulgar chauvinism of "National Pre-eminence."

This is our nation, our government, and it will be either good or bad, just as we choose to make it. "Upon us depends its stability. Upon our moral worth, our attachment, and our fidelity in every detail, rests its honor, its greatness, and its future." We cannot have liberty without order, and "order demands government." "The right to govern and the duty to obey are correlative, one cannot exist without the other." And hence it is that I say, we should pause a moment to reflect, and ask ourselves if we are doing justice to our government, to ourselves, and especially to the honored privilege of American citizenship.

"We share in the wisdom, glory, and freedom of America, and what must we give in return?—Justice demands the last full measure of devotion; gratitude demands the best we can offer."

Others have offered and given their lives for this sacred land, its principles and its freedom. And now we who are to enjoy those principles and those liberties ought to bow ourselves before her in obedience and love. Constitutions and laws! what are they? They are worthless unless they are written in the hearts of the people. To be confirmed in this, we turn our gaze to the wretched mass of miserable humanity in Russia. There we see exemplified the pitiful results of unbridled selfishness and avarice,—the seeds of misery and destruction. "Governments

fall not for want of physical force, but because of the lack of moral support on the part of the citizens."

We have the opportunity now to choose our destiny. Shall we continue in the golden path of luxuries, passion, and indifference, which will surely end in the melting pot of barbarism? Or shall we stand by our country, and like the illustrious statesmen of old, help her still on and on, higher and higher into glory, liberty, and freedom, a nation under God, so that the whole world may truly turn to her as "the eternal star of human hope"—the guiding star for all future ages.

—*Benedict McConville.*

"Nil Ab Omni Parte Beatum."

Some people don't like winter much:

They say they'd sooner be
The victim of a gentler touch,
Beneath some tropic tree.

Although I love the flowered woods

And soothing breezes miss,
I'm quite content with Nature's goods:
I like a manly kiss.

There's Providence in everything,

Each season has its time.
Come, summer, winter, autumn, spring,
I'll try you all for mine.

—*Rusticus*

THE NOVELIST'S BEST YEARS



It is said that the first real great work of a novelist is generally produced when the writer is fairly well advanced in years. This is not universal, for there are numerous marked exceptions. But the proportion of cases in which the statement holds is large enough to invite inquiry into the cause. Obviously the novelist must have changed for the better to improve on his own earlier efforts, and these changes are in brief due to experience and improved expression.

Before entering into a discussion of the causes of the observed improvement, let us cite a few instances where it has been observed among writers. Richardson is an example taken from among the pioneers of the art. His first novel of note, *Pamela*, was published when he was fifty-one. Scott was forty-three when *Waverley* was written; and Hawthorne, three years older before his *Scarlet Letter* appeared. Not all authors were so mature in years as the ones mentioned; but as a general rule, their initial novels of accepted worth have been produced when they were between thirty and forty years of age. Thackeray was well advanced toward forty when his *Vanity Fair* was produced, and so was George Eliot, when she wrote *Adam Bede*. Among more recent writers we find that Bret Harte had attained the age of thirty before his *Heathen Chinee* came into existence; and Mark Twain was thirty-two when he wrote his first book, *The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County*. In contrast to these we recall that Kipling and Poe, exponents of the short story, were quite young when they were doing excellent work in their field; the former beginning at twenty, and the latter having produced all his work in the forty years he lived.

Mathew Arnold has said of Sophocles that he was a man "who saw life steadily and saw it whole." The novelist and short story writer divide these qualities between them. The

novelist sees life whole, whereas the short story writer sees perhaps only a small phase of life, but he sees that well. A wide outlook upon life in all its vastness and intricacies is essential to the novelist. Poe on the other hand, we know, had a very morbid conception of life; yet he has left stories dealing with concrete phases of man's activity that are without parallel. So also Kipling wrote passing great short stories when but seventeen, and his *Plain Tales from the Hills*, produced at twenty, even shows steadiness of vision toward what of life he saw at that age. But a novel produced then would have shown the earmarks of puerility.

The novelist must not only be able to write, but he must also possess a clear mental picture of the things enacted about him. Mature wisdom is necessary to attain this end; and that means experience. A novelist has a broad outlook on life after having been intimately connected with it for thirty or forty years. But over and above this general experience, it is necessary for him to have a specific knowledge of the kind of life he wishes to present. Most of the writers of this class of literature confine themselves to a certain particular rank of life, and, as in the case of Jane Austen, at whose knowledge of the life of England's middle class Scott marveled, are well versed in it through years of contact and observation. The laws of fiction require the novelist to portray life truly, not by reciting incidents as a newspaper would do, but by collecting the facts and phenomena of life, formulating laws from the data obtained, and applying the results of the research to the concrete instances he depicts. As a person grows older, experience of the life he knows and observes becomes broader, and the procedure which he must follow is facilitated.

A man's experience may include travels through many lands, and association with very many different classes of people. Its scope may be bounded by neither race, tongue nor country. But still the same person, assuming he possessed literary talent, could not write a good novel about any one people even

if he knew every detail of their mode of existence, unless he was conversant with the desires, hates, loves and other emotions that move them in their activities. An extensive experience of life may be attained by travel and mere observation, but the real underlying factors that influence the acts of men cannot be so gained. It is only by a most intimate association with men, when influenced by various emotions; only by sympathy for the sad, or encouragement for the dispirited, that the writer learns the real truths of life. The one who would portray a picture of life must have seen and understood it in its workings. To interpret the acts of life he sees, a writer must fully understand the feelings and inclinations of men; and these do not flow from his own personal experience alone. The ability to understand these feelings may be said to be innate in some persons; and in this respect, it may also be said that the novelist is born, not made. Unless this power is possessed by the writer, he cannot hope to portray for others life as it is, for he cannot know it. Moreover this ability, even though possessed from birth, will not manifest itself in its fullness until a person has reached an age when his outlook on life is not influenced by what has been called the "frenzy of youth."

There is also another element that enters into the production of good literature, and that is expression. Just as different men have varying styles, so at different times in the life of an author, he writes in new ways, always improving; at least until at his best. "The mastery of expression is the final element that determines his rank as an artist." By constant study, reading and conversation (also writing of course), which is the ordinary training of the writer, he constantly amasses knowledge, new ideas, varying expressions and allusions, which enter his work. He lives to learn and incorporates into his work the knowledge obtained. As he grows more mature he is better able, by virtue of the training constantly undergone, to portray forcefully and graphically those things which come under his observation.

The fact then, that many of our representative fiction writers produce their first really great work when fairly mature in years has a logical foundation. After a study of the requirements necessary for a novelist to portray truth about life we can readily see that a mature mind with a penetrating power of observation, and capable of inducing general laws, is a requisite. The successful novelist must possess experience of life, not only in a general way, but also in an intensive way; gleaned by intimate association with existent life. More perfect expression, attendant on maturer years, also improves the fruits of his pen.

—*Harold M. Kelley.*

The Grave

He's left alone to rain and snow:

Who cares to linger on his breast,
From whom all earthly sorrows flow,
With whom some day each one must rest,
In whom no spark of life will glow,
Who has the mightiest king oppressed?

—*Frederick Williams*



ROMAN EDUCATION



IN studying the ancient educational systems and theories, the student turns to those of the Romans with no little interest. Indirectly, Christianity was aided through their world empire, barbarians were civilized by them, and nations and peoples were welded together in a manner never achieved before the glorious days of Rome. To organize, to discipline, and to rule came naturally to the Roman citizen. Unlike his Greek brother—literary in taste, and of manliness and intensity of character—he was a born warrior, a leader, and a man of practical genius. Hostile nations were subdued and incorporated with a tact and skill foreign to the Grecians of aesthetical and philosophical tendencies. A service was thus rendered humanity in virtue of which the subsequent development and growth of modern Europe owe much. Although ambition for world power prompted the Roman, nevertheless, wide fields for missionary enterprise and for civilizing influences were made possible. The fall of Rome in 476 may mark a sad end to a once great empire, but it did not mark the end of Roman civilization; or better, the effects of it. To have left something to the world is indicative of individuality, of strength, and of a hearty manhood—characteristics which must have at one time or another revealed themselves in the history of an empire which had its beginning and end in the rise and fall of a city, 753 B. C.—476 A. D., a city with thousands of historical connections and significances of a past and future civilization.

That the Roman civilization and success were wonderful and wide-spread is evident; but what was back of it? Simply, a wholesome home environment. Home was the foundation of the hearty manhood displayed before riches and corruption got their hold on society as was manifested in the closing

years of the empire. Devotion to home life was instilled in the child by mothers who lived and died for the sake of their children. Womanhood was an ornament in the household, such as was most ennobling and powerful in the moulding of sterling character. There was that dignity about the home, that piety and respect which raised it to a position such as it should always hold, since upon it rests all society, whether in spiritual or in temporal activities.

With a thorough home training, the Romans seemed to have gotten along very well without schools. In fact, the first school of which any mention is made dates 305 B. C., and the first record of any bears the date of 260 B. C. Circumstances interfered with the origin and development of schools. Education was out of place in a Roman community. Growth and expansion of the military settlement on the Tiber, as well as of other communities, were very rapid; and wars and territorial aggrandizement were the absorbing ambitions. Preparations for such achievements could be made without the aid of a schoolmaster. Then, too, there was no literature aside from national hymns, legends, etc., available for school use; and the Odyssey was not translated until 233 B. C. This formed a nucleus to the early education if it can be called early, for this was five hundred years after the first appearance of Roman activities.

From this time on, a steady advance is to be noticed. A great impetus to education came with the successful conquest of Greece about 150 B. C. Teachers from the conquered land poured into Roman communities, bringing with them the culture of their native country. With the ever growing prestige and manifold responsibilities education became a necessary asset to the man of business and of administrative duties. Definite shape soon appeared in the systems and organization of schools. Augustus Caesar encouraged these efforts, and by the middle of the second century A. D. all was a well organized whole of elementary, secondary and professional schools.

The whole Roman system of education was utilitarian in

spirit. If a subject did not point to a practical adaptation in the future career of a student, it received no recognition. Elementary schools were based on the three Rs—reading, writing and arithmetic. Writing was done on wax tablets by means of a stylus, and arithmetic was calculated on the fingers or by the use of pebbles and the results put on tablets. After reading and spelling was sufficiently well learned, the *Odyssey* was taken up. A profound drill was given the memory; for instance, the laws of the twelve tables were memorized as well as maxims and precepts, which were dictated for exercise in composition. Music was too impracticable, and so utterly ignored in lower education. All children attended the elementary courses, but only the boys continued with the higher studies which were taken up at the age of twelve. Secondary schools covered such subjects as grammar, *Aesop*, *Homer*, composition, musical rhythm, declamation, rhetoric, literary criticism, and sometimes geography as well as geometry for the sake of commensuration. Native literature was chiefly represented by *Virgil* and *Cicero*. As formerly, memory lessons were insisted upon, and composition received special attention—fables and stories being reproduced, poems paraphrased, and sentences transformed and analyzed. Drill in versification was frequently included.

At the age of sixteen secondary education ceased, and the student donned the toga of a Roman citizen. He was now a man and ready for professional training which consisted chiefly in a sort of apprenticeship attaching him to a farmer, an officer of a military staff, or a jurist. Four courses were open: farming, the army, politics and law. These activities were supplemented by the study of rhetoric and oratory. Writing, speaking and trying of fictitious cases made for practicability in the student. Aesthetics and philosophy under special teachers aimed to equip any one for higher studies which might be taken at *Rhodes*, *Athens* and *Alexandria*, this last the most brilliant and important educational center all through the life of the Em-

pire—a center pre-eminent in medicine, mathematics, astronomy and grammar.

A school system such as the Romans possessed was due to the personal interest and endeavor on the part of a few worthy men who inculcated the various theories. Men like Cicero and Seneca might be mentioned, but Quintilian was the foremost educator of the time. With him began the new era of learning, and his views were clearly set forth in his treatise, "Institutes of Oratory," a sensible and practical criterion. He came at a time when schools were needed to teach what the home no longer taught, for private life began its decay about the beginning of the Christian era. Perhaps, it is better to say that the schools were the substitutes, for can schools do for the child what the true home can? The pedagogical principles set forth by Quintilian were very much the same as those of the present day. Children received their first impressions of the letters from representations made of wax. He believed in strengthening the memory, in teaching those subjects only which were most suitable to each individual ability, and in administering mild discipline. A flogging in his opinion was of little avail; he sought rather to persuade a pupil and to teach him by example to imitate and profit by the best that was about him. Practice in oratory and composition were essential to the Roman, and to be successful as an orator meant to him not only skill but genuine manhood to back it up.

Quintilian supplemented work in oratory with grammar, rhetoric, dialectics, music, etc. To him is due credit for interesting the state in behalf of education. In 79 A. D. he received the royal insignia of rank as well as a compensation out of the state treasury. Subsequent actions followed in 150 when teachers were exempted from taxation, municipal offices, and military service; and in 379 when the state and community shared equally in paying them definite salaries.

Although the Romans added little to the store of literature and learning when compared with the Greeks, they had the

most thorough system of education which had existed up to their time. It was the Greek literature, the Greek learning, the Greek university, and the Greek teacher that were utilized by them in the moulding of practical, skillful and effective men of action—men who were the law makers, the rulers and the civilizers of the world.

—*Henry Gierau.*

Villanelle

The mist hangs low upon the wave,
And frigid Death her bell is tolling;
The slimy sea shall be his grave.

About him shall the night wind rave,
And set the silent waters rolling;
The mist hangs low upon the wave.

He dared the wintry floods to brave,
While livid tongues of flame were flashing;
The slimy sea shall be his grave.

Death laughs low from her icy cave,
When surf against the crags is crashing;
The mist hangs low upon the wave.

The fluttering life he fain would save,
Its funeral song is softly singing;
The slimy sea shall be his grave.

The rolling waters, once his slave,
While waves with languid pulse were creeping,
With mockery his life now crave;
The slimy sea shall be his grave.

—*Brendan Brown*

MERELY A THRILL



IT happened one of those days immediately following the declaration of war upon France by Germany. As yet the storm cloud which later descended upon France in all its fury, robbing the country of its youth and pillaging homes and firesides of peace and happiness, was only a tiny wisp of smoke on the horizon, mere newspaper talk. And as yet Paris had not been shorn of her gaiety, her lights had not yet been shrouded in the heavy blue shades which for four years protected the city from the eyes of the German airmen. The war was hardly considered serious by any one though the very thought of it added excitement to the gay festivities that nightly drew the fun-seeking crowds to the cafes and cabarets.

It was one of these evenings that found Ray Eldridge, debonair young club member and a social lion in New York's most exclusive set, strolling down the Boulevard of the Italiens in the Latin Quarter following the excitement-hungry crowds that hurried toward the beckoning lights and tantalizing music. He too, was looking for something new in the way of excitement and, as he neared St. Martin's Gate, paused before an impressive looking restaurant ablaze with a thousand glaring lights without and soft shaded ones within. "Henrici's," he mused to himself. Henrici had at one time been in the restaurant business in New York and Eldridge knew him well. He had always drawn the capricious crowds to his patronage by producing endless new thrills and excitement for them.

Yes, Henrici's ought to be all right. He always enjoyed himself there, and besides he would like to see Henrici again before returning home.

He chose a small table in the corner of the great cafe which would give him a view of the entire room and enable him to

watch and enjoy the antics of the happy, boisterous throng. It was a splendid scene. Noiseless waiters hurried to and fro bearing their heavily laden trays. The scintillating lights and the soft orchestral selections added a charm which was irresistible.

As the music from the orchestra died out a young woman seated at one of the tables stepped to a small stage built in the center of the room. She dropped the long cloak from her shoulders and stood motionless for a moment, surveying the crowd which stopped its chatter for an instant and gazed in her direction. Her beauty was of a rare sort and her superb poise held them spellbound. Her magnificent figure was draped in the tricolor of France, and from head to foot she symbolized the spirit of the Republic. The orchestra commenced again and she began to sing. Her modulated voice and mellow throat poured forth the silvery tones and the words reached the farthest corners of the room.

“Allons, enfants, de la Patrie—,”

It was the “Marseillaise.” A death-like silence passed over the room and the eyes of all brightened and their hearts quickened as the impassioned words flowed on. As the last notes died away the crowd burst forth in an enthusiastic applause.

Suddenly the lights went out and everyone was silent for a moment. Then there was a whisper and a titter and laughter here and there. Then unexpectedly the clear mellow notes of a wonderful soprano voice filled the air and a hush fell over the cafe. The rare qualities of this woman’s voice surpassed those of the preceding singer, and the words rang out clear and distinct in the ominous silence.

“Die Wacht Am Rhein—.”

The listeners were dumbfounded. What sort of an outrage was this? Who would dare to sing this song of the enemy in such a place as this? Where was the management? and the police? why was such an infamy tolerated? A curse rang out, followed by a crash of glassware against the wall near the place

where the singer must have stood. But the words flowed on, only this time from another part of the room. More curses rent the air and the women could be heard crying softly. A tumult arose, tables were overturned and dishes scattered over the floor as the men charged about the room in an attempt to seize the person who had committed this unpardonable folly. But the silvery, tantalizing words echoed on—one time here, one time there, but always just out of reach of the furious mob. Eldridge felt a small figure brush quickly past him, and with the quickness of a snake his hand shot out and closed like a steel trap about a small soft wrist.

Just then the lights came on and revealed the room in wild disorder and the occupants in various states of dishevelment. Eldridge looked across the table at his captive. He released his hold upon her wrist and she settled quickly into a chair across from him. Eldridge stared at her inquiringly and his quick eyes appraised her in the same glance. She was quite a pretty woman, almost beautiful and somewhere near twenty-five years old. He would have enjoyed her company the whole evening. Still he stared.

“You’d like to know why I did it?” she smiled.

Her English was perfect, not the slightest trace of an accent. She didn’t seem French to him or even German—more of an American type.

“Yes,” he answered quickly, “Don’t you know that you might have been arrested or even killed if that mob had got hold of you?”

She only smiled back at him mockingly, her eyes dancing with merriment. His query was interrupted by the appearance of Henrici who held up his hand for silence.

“Ladies and Gentlemen,” he began, “I must beg your pardon for what has happened. The lights went out quite by accident and someone took advantage of the situation and committed this gross insult.”

With a nod from him the orchestra struck up a lively air and

waiters hurried here and there straightening out the disordered tables and ministering to the wants of the patrons. Henrici espied Eldridge and hurried toward him.

"Good evening, Monsieur Eldridge, have you enjoyed the evening?"

"Yes," replied Eldridge, "But what if this thing gets into the newspapers?"

"Ah! That will be good advertising!"

"Why? How do you mean?"

"Oh, the crowd is the same here as in New York. They all come to Henrici for the thrill."

Eldridge stared at Henrici and then at the girl who sat across from him and who had taken no part in the conversation.

"I beg your pardon," said Henrici; and turning to the girl, "Allow me to introduce one of your American Beauties, my wife. She is a large part of the business and thinks up all the new thrills, and helps to put them across."

—*John P. Byrnes.*

The Play

Life is a play,
And men are the players:
Staged every day,
Life is a play.
Tragic and gay,
With doers and sayers,
Life is a play;
And men are the players

—*U.*

⋮ EDITORIAL ⋮

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Once more comes that season of the year when nature sheds the dark garments of winter and, arrayed in the trappings of spring, bursts in upon us with the color of flowers and blossoms, the sweet-scented air and the carols of birds. Our hearts become merry; our souls turn to poetry—the language of the beautiful, to song—the expression of joy, and to utter delight in life. And no wonder; who would not drop everything to view the pageant of spring entering her realm, in her glad array, tripping over the verdant bosom of Mother Earth to the sweet strains of the mavis and the thrush, the lilt of the wren and the trumpeting of the robin? How we respond to the charming fairy's wand as she flits here and there like a ministering angel. The devils of gloom and worry disappear at the onslaughts of sunshine, and we resign ourselves to the sweet influence of gentle spring.

The class room will now seem a terrible bore. How we will long to flee the thralldom of books and studies, and rush to the open arms of the light-hearted spring. How we will day-dream. "In the spring," sings the bard, "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." At every open window, sweet sirens will play, tempting the dreamy student to leave his tasks for a while and come commune with nature. And the enchanting influence will encompass us, if we glide blindly forward

with no thought of the rocks ahead. Once swept into the whirl and pull of the rushing waters, it requires a steady hand and a strong will to save the frail bark from destruction on the jutting rocks.

Let "Business before Pleasure" be our rule. Scorn the advances of sweet spring. How much happier will one be when he knows he has done his duty. Lotus-eaters we cannot be. A moderate amount of concentration on our lessons will not deprive us of the contemplation of the beauty of spring. Leave the recreational hour for the tender moments given to basking in the smiles and graces of the pretty vixen. "Get thee behind me, Satan!" and let's get back to work.

ON THE FEAST OF ST. PATRICK. There is connected with St. Patrick an old legend which is often recited to exemplify the extent and the magnitude of the great Apostle's work in Ireland. But like other legends, we accept it at its face value, realizing fully that it is told merely to illustrate in the concrete what is really contained in the abstract. You must have heard it—the story of St. Patrick driving all the reptiles and snakes, with which the Emerald Isle was infested at the time of his preaching, into the sea. The tale certainly has a strong appeal, in that it crystallizes into a popular story the entire history of the venerable bishop's sojourn in Ireland—his descent into a land burdened with paganism and ignorance, and his successful efforts in bringing its inhabitants to the light of truth. To him Ireland owes its emancipation from the incubus of Druidism; through him Ireland became the isle of saints and scholars; by his teaching the hosts of the soldiers of Christ have been swelled immensely from "sons of the old sod," who have carried the Faith to every nook and corner of the earth.

What a change in the Ireland of today. What a metamorphosis from the smiling "bit of heaven" over which St. Patrick

trod. The old legend takes on a striking significance in view of the sad plight of Ireland today. In the little Republic's struggle for independence and in her strife to break the shackles of Ireland's masters, we discern a parallel between Ireland's present calamity and the horrible pestilence with which she was afflicted in the legend. Let us invoke the spirit of St. Patrick to cast a kindly glance on the land of his labors and to intercede with the Almighty Father for suffering Ireland. May he come again in spirit to that afflicted land and free her from her woes by purging the isle of its enemies. May truth and justice reign again in Ireland through his intercession, may his spirit walk among his people to comfort and cheer them and bring peace to their disturbed souls.

It has long been the desire of many Creighton students to see track athletics ascend to their proper place in the athletic world of the school; and it is the opinion of these students that both the school and the student body would welcome such a consummation. The explanations for our present lack of a track team are easily found. Past indifference on the part of the student body, and the unfortunate and depressing combination of world events in the past few years, have combined to render the institution of track athletics either impossible or inadvisable. But our school is yearly attaining increased prominence in the athletic world. Our football and basketball teams are without reproach, and the fame of their exploits is steadily spreading into prominent collegiate circles. Surely, it was reasoned, if our University can produce the material necessary for such teams, it can produce equally efficient track material. We have many sterling athletes. Our gymnasium presents unlimited opportunities for training and practice. Our athletic field is amply large for any athletic meet we might wish to stage. It is rumored that we must soon uphold our glories within a new stadium. And so the team—the track team came, and came, we hope, to stay. For a moment's re-

flection will show what a track team means to us. It means increased athletic prominence, and closer and better acquaintance with men of other colleges; it means the possibility of "mass athletics," so that every one will have a chance for physical development; it means that we shall be able to draw men by the track team who might also serve us well in other sports; it means inter-class and inter-department fellowship and emulation. We have every reason to produce winning teams on the track. We can do it and we will do it. It's all up to Mr. Each-one. Mr. Each-one, either get on the track and run, or get behind that team and push.



CREIGHTONIANICS

BOTANICAL RESEARCH

The pickle, or gherkin, is the diminutive of cucumber. It is very easily recognizable by its elongated physiognomy, its green hue, and the warts arranged laterally along its torso. The dorsal and ventral ends do not differ in a marked degree, as the tail is usually excised by a delicate process before preparation, and this is the principal differentiating quality between the two. (?-Ed.) It resembles a cigar and a zeppelin in that it is round with considerable greater extent longitudinally. It is akin to the turnip and carrot, in so far as all spring from the soil. (Note—The taste does not betray this. One must observe the subject in its adolescent stages.) In its structure, the pickle resembles other plants, being wrapped in a green tissue with the elasticity of leather. Inside it is fleshy. The entrails present a monotonous appearance, but seeds are inserted to offset this by a kind and provident nature. These seeds however need not be deleted as in the case of the melon, for they offer small resistance to the teeth. The sweetness, sourness and dillness of this form of repast is beyond our ken, and enters into a more exhaustive treatise.

—R. E. S

Do they call them presidential timber because there is so much wood evident in their bodies (more specifically in their occiputs and sinciputs), or is it all in their names? If the latter, WOODrow Wilson and General WOOD will be the opposing candidates.

CHOW TIME

A spacious hall, a place for all;
The scene the mind depicts
When appetite asserts its right,
And there our step directs.

But every day there is delay;
And all against our wishes
We pace around to the tinkling sound
Of clinking pans and dishes.

Our stomachs pine, and when the sign
Of "let 'er go" is flashed,
The stairways creak from pounding feet,
And footsteps follow fast.

A whirl of speed, a wild stampede,
A skirmish to the table,
Where each partakes of luscious steaks;
Assuming he is able.

"Give back my pie," resounds a cry
Of frenzied puerility;
Oh Etiquette, you're never met,
For here you're no utility.

There is no time for thought sublime
Nor to view the scenery,
For they're too fast, the grub don't last
If you eat at the "beanery."

—Ibi Edo.

The sculptors of old depicted many heroic and historic moments in bronze and marble. Why would not the pose affected by a student when he doesn't know and is trying valiantly to think, furnish material for the modern chiseler.

THE EXECUTION OF J. B. CORN

Who was this John B. Corn of whom we have heard so much, and what did he do? Of his birth we have no positive record, but tradition teaches us that he existed from the beginning, being created, as was man. For this reason, if for no other, he should exist to the end; subject only to the rule of providence and natural extermination. Who will deny the fact that Noah could not have maintained peace among the animals and have landed the Ark safely, if it had not been for the assistance of John B. Corn? Who will deny the fact that it was John B. Corn, the day after the night before, that won for Washington after he had crossed the Delaware? But John is dead and gone. No longer can he be blamed for the food shortage, the cigarette evil, late hours at the club and the other miscellaneous charges made against him during his lifetime.

Mr. Corn died in the capital ere the Ides of March at the point of the prohibition dagger, wielded by a band of assassins. He was greeted kindly on the fatal day, but suddenly a trusted friend drew a gleaming weapon, and drove it deep into the helpless victim. This was the cruelest cut of all, and John died lamenting the frailty of man.

Italy adored her Caesar, Spain her Isabella, France her Bonaparte, England her Richard of the Lion Heart, and America her Washington, but they all adore (or abhor) John Barley Corn.

—M. B. O'Byrne.

(And so do we adore our contributors. Come again.)

FAMOUS EXPRESSIONS

"I left my exercise at home."

"You may write that out fifty times."

"I missed the car."

"Get out of here."

—A School Paper.

(You forgot the expression on the student's face when the instructor is about to call on him and he is wondering what the professor has been talking about.)

—By HACK KNEED.

LIFE'S A STAGE, AND—

Frequently the students in the library are startled by a deep resounding voice, threatening destruction by its very vibration. It is as when a bolt pierces the blue; and the smaller lads quake with fear for many minutes after the echoes have died away among the remote nooks and corners of the room.

Upon inquiry into the matter, we were told where to find the Vocem Magnam. There is a part of the library segregated from the rest by a barrier of closely woven metallic bars, and surmounting these, a number of perpendicular spires. Approaching this cage, we became aware of a pair of dark, deeply set eyes, partially closed and almost concealed beneath even darker brows, which were scrutinizing us with fixed and steadfast stolidity. They seemed to pierce into the bosoms core. We looked, trembled, and saw no more; but fled like the affrighted hare.

(We can certainly sympathize with the boys. When preparing his prodigies for a debate, the moderator is accustomed to wax pugnacious, much to their discomfiture—and benefit.)

If a good voice is distinguished by the amount of timber or timbre in it, some mistakes, pardon—some singers, must have lost a cord of it all right.

NOS DEFENDIMUS

We infer from kindly hint and circuitous admonition that the disciples of Dalton, Mendelejeff, and the others, are not held in the same high esteem by some affiliated with our institution, as are their brother intellects, who follow the wanderings of Aeneas or imitate the bards.

In the research processes conducted by the budding scientists, substances are used which react together to produce new combinations. These actions are studied and interpreted. The assailants of this admirable science maintain that as a result of this experimentation, results are produced very offensive to the olfactory organ. It is argued that the more inspired students cannot become enraptured by the deep, unrequited love of Dido, when compelled to keep their nasal passage closed with the useful, although not altogether ornamental clothes pin. How can those who "lisp in numbers" wander in fancy among the woodland lairs of the fragrant daisy, where the birds make merry all the day, and the little brook babbles playfully—in such an environment?

Now even if the charge made against the science of the test tube and bunsen burner were truly founded, we believe the more talented classicists would be favored. Would not the burning of Troy be made far more realistic, and could not Dante have been inspired to write at least part of his famous "Divine Comedy" under such conditions?

We cannot deny that there are odious odors emanating from the vicinity of the chemical department, and in view of the fact, have sought and found the underlying cause. If you ever go up the rear stairs, you may notice on the second floor, a little den snugly tucked away in one corner. This is the rendezvous of a scientist, who seeks to determine why horses have only four legs, whereas centipedes have many more.

Few have braved the place. When you enter through the outer portal, you are first struck by an inexplicable featheriness of the senses, and are aware of a dimming of consciousness, as when succumbing to an anesthetic. In a little while this sensation gradually lessens, for the practised hand loses the daintier sense. Next you are dazed by

the array of knives, bones, and mangled bodies all about. The scion, hardened by years of contact with the gruesome horrors at which you quiver in every member, next opens the door to an inner compartment. We screw our courage to the sticking point and enter.

To ride a sure footed burro along a precipitous mountain ledge makes one feel light and airy enough, but just imagine that as you venture to glance down into the abyss, yawning far below, the animal slips! The digestive apparatus, infact the whole nervous system ,would no doubt revolve some revolutions. Such a sensation is received here. Had we not been prepared by the acclimation in the ante-chamber we should have been straightway rowed across the Styx. Through the dim light, prisons in which dark forms dart about, are discernible. "My Rabbits," tersely remarks the sage. Next the undaunted wizard of the animal world moves toward another receptacle and coolly invites us to examine his snakes and lizards. But we have endured enough. With hands upon a reeling head, we stagger from the appalling haunts, and betake ourselves back to the realm of our choice.

—KEM.



'CHANGE

Beginning in this issue of the CHRONICLE we inaugurate a new department with a new policy. For a good many years we have been the recipients of periodicals and notices from institutions, both large and small, from coast to coast, from the Gulf to the Lakes. Heretofore divers reasons have been alleged for our not acknowledging these through our columns. Today we wish to establish diplomatic relations with our contemporaries. It will not be our purpose to praise unduly, nor to flatter, nor to tear down; but as Edmund Burke so aptly expresses, to conduct ourselves "with the cold neutrality of an impartial judge."

How better may one detect the spirit and activity of an institution than by means of the editorials of its official organ. This particular item might well be called the pulse of the patient, the indicator of the health of the subject. A brief consideration of some only of those with which we have been favored will form, then, our initial effort. We trust that we give offense to none as we proceed on our way.

Is there such a thing as just pride? It has been said that once a person sees his name in print as an author, poet, playwright, or maker of other reading matter, a fresh stimulus is aroused which excites to further attempts and endeavors to improve. Some such sensation was experienced when we tremblingly searched for comments on the CHRONICLE in its new garb. We duly appreciate our favorable mention in the **Gonzaga** and may we live up to our standard as we grow.

It is manifest that the health of our contemporary at the western limits of the land is excellent. The watchword for the year is sounded in the "Forward" of the **Gonzaga** editorial columns, and affords not only the student, but the world at large, an axiom which is a sure guide to success. Whoever says to himself, "Each day will I perform my duty to the best of my ability," implicitly states that come what will he is for right at all costs.

The spirit of duty seems to be paramount in these articles. Those "gentlemen" who not many months ago ventured to say that certain educational institutions failed utterly to inculcate American principles

into their charges, we dare say stopped short in their so-denominated investigations before they encountered a spirit similar to that exhibited in "Where Do We Stand." Mr. Wagner is, if nothing else, a staunch and loyal upholder of Democracy as idealized in these United States. He speaks most correctly when he says: "The United States welcomes the European who wishes to become a resident, but demands that he become a resident American, not a resident European." We heartily re-echo these sentiments and join him in his cry for stricter supervision of immigration and immigrant.

National policies and activities of country-wide importance occupy the attention of the editor, and another movement to which he lends his support is "The Boy Scout Movement." An argument in favor of the organization of Catholic troops under Catholic leaders which he seems to have overlooked, is the popular slogan of the day, "everybody is doing it." We make bold to interpose our own opinions in view of the fact that unless there is provided by Catholics for Catholics an occupation and diversion like that offered to others, our younger generation will be thrown in with the wrong associates and their second state will be worse than the first.

Truly it is to be regretted that we have not been fortunate enough to receive, before going to press, the February number of **The Fordham Monthly**, for some dislike harking back to bygone days. It is said that in the realm of Journalism, but particularly in the newspaper field, nothing over twelve hours old is news. Criteria of this kind can hardly be applied to works such as we find under "Editorials." As a matter of fact, that headed "1920" could, with a few minor changes, be requoted in a variety of different places and on countless occasions. It is a repetition of the constant hue and cry for more energy and "pep" from a greater volume of workers. The writer need hardly express fear as to the future of his publication. **The Fordham Monthly** is worthy of imitation by all of us.

Fordham's energy and progressive spirit is voiced in "Dramatics," and we wish we could witness the production of their consummated efforts. Again they are forging ahead in "Scientific Developments." Mr. Dillon is certainly correct when he says that "there is no better proof of the Jesuits' appreciation of the sciences than the number of the members of the Society who have won distinction in the scientific world, for their name is truly legion."

"De Amicitia" needs publication in all our universities and col-

leges. So many men are taking "checker board" courses that they are scarcely known even by sight to their associates. Your Senior Class has the right idea and we wish them all possible success. A man's most treasured memories and associations are those of his college days which should be as extensive as possible.

In perusing the various college periodicals which reach our desk, we remark a more or less high degree of sameness about them. There is a certain atmosphere common to all school publications. This is perhaps but natural. The sensation, therefore, is most pleasing and our interest is greatly increased when we observe a college magazine that is really different. The February issue of the **Redwood** is distinctively individual. Its differentiating characteristics are such as to place it above the average. The information embodied in the **Redwood**, concerning the Early Missions was welcomed by all who were fortunate enough to obtain this magazine; it is really a valuable compendium of mission history and achievements, described in a way that cannot fail to instruct and entertain. The co-authors manifest a marked ability in their presentation of such a worthwhile digest.

We are glad to number among our new friends the **Dartmouth Bema**. We notice here another instance of an appeal for more concerted action. "Palaeopitus Up!" is an eloquent appeal for greater college spirit. May we be allowed to interpose the statement that all the Dartmouth men we have been privileged to know are staunch and loyal in their support of their Alma Mater. Well may the younger men follow in the footsteps of their predecessors. We wish you all the success in the world in this, and also in your endeavors to re-create "The College Club."

HARRY BURKLEY, JR.





ARTS

Great work has been accomplished this year by the Oratorical Society under the guidance of Prof. Bakewell. But now something out of the ordinary is to be attempted, i. e., a mock trial. In the opinion of certain members of the society Mr. Ralph Svoboda, an officer of the organization, has been neglecting his proper duties. They brought their suspicions to the attention of the orators who have decided that Mr. Svoboda should be given a chance to defend himself; hence the trial. It will come to pass in about two weeks, and needless to say will be conducted in style and with all the trimmings, viz., prosecuting attorneys, counsel for the defense, jury and judge. The event should prove very instructive to the members of the society.

Two annual events at the Arts School, the Public Debate and the writing of the Intercollegiate Essay, will take place in the near future. The subject of the Public Debate this year will be, "Resolved: That the features of the reconstruction program advocated

by the Catholic Hierarchy are ill advised." It is a timely subject and one which will provide the mental pugilists with plenty of food for thought.

The writing of the Intercollegiate Essay takes place on March 24. The general theme of the essay will be, "Social reconstruction on the basis of justice and charity." Any one of the three aspects of the question may be chosen as the subject. It is sincerely hoped that some budding author will duplicate the success of Mr. Rhodes, now of the law school, who won the contest last year.

The persevering labor of the Glee Club is destined to bear fruit about the first week in May when they will give their public concert. It is rumored that there are a number of embryonic Carusos among the warblers. In fact a change has been noticed in the tone of "Shorty" Kilbride's voice. At any rate we await their offering with expectation.

At an informal meeting held last month the Oratorical Society

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elected officers for the new term. The old officers were so well thought of by the society, that with the exception of the censors they were re-elected. Messrs. Ralph Svoboda and Leo Brown were chosen to the latter offices. The present officers of the society are President, Thomas McGovern; Secretary, Brendan Brown; Treasurer, Gerald Fitz Gibbon; Censors, Ralph Svoboda and Leo Brown.

Brendan Brown, Arts student, was shot in the leg by a holdup man as he was walking home at midnight on March 6. He was taken to St. Joseph's hospital. His wound is not believed to be serious and it is to be sincerely hoped that he will speedily recover and be among us again.

It has been noticed that Bob Coyle and Dick Brady have recently forsaken the conventional college head gear and have taken to "cadies." We wish the gentlemen all success in their venture but warn them to beware of admiring feminine eyes. On the side, however, we think that they are attempting to steal a march on the rest of the boys.

It is announced by Prof. Bakewell, the director of dramatics at the Arts School, that students of the Arts and High School will

take part in a play toward the last of April. The play chosen is by Cardinal Wiseman, and is entitled "Hidden Gem." Included in the cast are Harold Downing, Thomas J. McGovern, Delbert Lyon, Ralph E. Svoboda and Thomas J. Russell.

The Students Library has recently received a handsome present of 120 volumes on history, science, literature and art. They are the gift of Dr. H. von W. Schulte, distinguished physician and author and professor at the College of Medicine.

RAYMOND OBERLE.

LAW

The February term of Moot Court commenced Friday, February 20, and judging from the marked display of forensic talent evidenced at the last two trials, it bids fair to eclipse the first session which was in progress during the first quarter of the school year.

Life is one succession of ups and downs and the fleeting joys and pleasures of today give way to the griefs and sorrows of tomorrow. This may be a somewhat melancholic outlook upon our mundane state and common experience, yet considering the ominous proximity of the second quarterly exams,



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one has reason to be a little pessimistic.

The grades for the first quarterly exams were distributed last week, and judging from general appearances, there were not a few who were more than glad that the weeks of anxious suspense were at an end.

The Delta Theta Phi fraternity held an election of officers Tuesday, February 24, for the ensuing year. The following were elected: Dean, Mr. M. F. O'Donnell; Tribune, Mr. C. F. Bongardt; Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Farley.

The Delta Theta Phi fraternity repasted at the Hotel Loyal last week. The banquet was given in honor of those members who have just recently been initiated into that august body's charmed circle. Plates were laid for about thirty. Mr. Spittler presided as dean. A very enjoyable evening was passed and what was lacking in ardent spirits to make the occasion a signal success, was more than made up for by the exuberant flow of good spirits of the pure animal type. Oratory was the dominant feature of the event and the after dinner speeches and dissertations quite eclipsed anything ever attempted before in that prolific field of human endeavor.

Professor Jas. F. Fitzgerald and L. B. Day, formerly of this school, have filed as candidates for the office of district judge.

To Frank Keegan, formerly of Creighton Law, we wish to extend our sincere sympathy in his bereavement due to the death of his brother, Daniel.

'13. Mr. E. H. McCarthy, formerly county attorney of Sarpy county, has recently moved to Omaha, where he has now established his practice.

'14. Mr. John Barrett, for the past few years, has been dividing his time between official duties at the State Legislature and his legal practice at the South Side.

Mr. Patrick McGovern is still in the employment of the government, and continues to render able and efficient service to the public at the Omaha post office.

'15. Mr. Perry Wheeler is practicing law at the South Side. He also holds the office of prosecuting attorney in the local police court.

Mr. Louis Kavanaugh, one of the most ardent and devoted champions of the cause of Irish independence, is at present devoting nearly all his time and services to selling Irish Liberty Bonds.

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Last summer, Mr. Kavanaugh was elected by the local branch of the Friends of Irish Freedom Association of this state as a delegate to the committee which waited upon President Wilson with a petition in behalf of the cause of Ireland. While acting in that capacity, he won the recognition of President De Valera and has ever since been supported by the latter's warmest approval and heartiest indorsement.

'16. Mr. Leo Lowry has for the past several years been holding the position of general manager of John Flynn & Co., a clothing and dry goods store of considerable proportions on the South Side.

'22. The Freshman Class for what it loses in good looks certainly makes up for in athletic talent. "Chuck" Kearney, star center of the basket ball team and Charlie Morearty, than whom there are few faster foot racers even in this expansive country, are the stellar representatives. The former attended the basket ball team on its tour of the East, while the latter competed with some of the very best track material in the country at the intercollegiate athletic meet held at Kansas City recently.

Mr. George Rogers led the class

in the last quarterly examinations. Second and third places were won respectively by Messrs. C. F. Bongardt and Charles Kearney.

Two decidedly ambitious students of the Freshman Class have become so enthused over their legal studies that they are seriously contemplating the editing of a text book on contracts. It is understood that the project will be a joint undertaking by Messrs. Rogers and Morearty. It is further reported that the volume will be annotated by McGan's Notes. It certainly is a misfortune that those of us who are now studying contracts are not able to avail ourselves of such a valuable repository of the law on this particular subject; and it is our great regret that we cannot share with future generations of students the manifold advantages of so great and colossal an enterprise.

The editor of the legal department of the Chronicle, realizing the insufficiency and incompleteness of his sole effort to cover in a satisfactory manner all the many articles of news which might well be embodied in this section, is particularly desirous of co-operating with anyone who might be willing to assist him in obtaining a more complete and varied assortment of matter. All contributions and especially those

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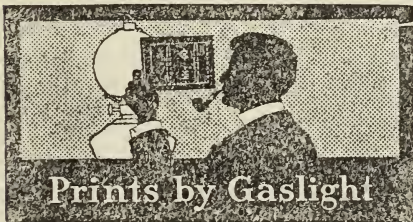
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pertaining to the University and the Alumni will be gratefully accepted and every reasonable effort will be diligently made to publish the same. The editor may be found in person in attendance at Freshman Day Law School or reached through the mails by addressing: Mr. Chas. P. Rapp, c/o Creighton Law College, 210 So. 18th St., Omaha. Those of the Alumni, into whose hands a copy of this notice may chance to come, are in particular solicited to communicate any information they may possess, either regarding themselves or such other members of the Alumni concerning whom they may have some interesting knowledge. The school is always anxious to hear from its former members and will be glad to learn what they are doing and how they are carrying on.

CHARLES P. RAPP.

MEDICINE

Drs. A. Sacks, J. W. Duncan and A. F. Tyler, all of the College of Medicine Faculty, attended the conference of the Association of Physicians, held in Chicago the last three days of February.

Drs. H. von W. Schulte and A. D. Dunn attended the meeting of the American Medical Association, held in Chicago the first three days of March.

On Wednesday evening, March 10, the business committee of the Creighton Medical Alumni met at the Loyal Hotel to talk over the matter of clinics. Due to the war this meeting was the first held in two years. According to the report there are 115 alumni of the Medical College practising in Omaha and Council Bluffs.

Dr. Hugo W. Wightman, former professor of anatomy and surgery at the Medical College, died at St. Joseph's Hospital from the effects of sleeping sickness, which followed an influenza attack. Dr. Wightman, when a mere boy, became the inventor of smokeless powder, the formula of which he sold to the Dupont Company for a paltry consideration. He served at Creighton for seven years; and since 1917 has been practising at Scottsbluffs, Neb. He is survived by a daughter, a brother and his aged mother.

Dr. J. P. Lane died very suddenly at his home in Cascade, Iowa, February 29. To his wife and relatives the CHRONICLE offers sincere sympathies.

The following clipping from a Hawaii paper of February 12 will interest the many friends of Dr. W. N. Yuen, recent graduate of the Dental College:

"Dr. W. N. Yuen, a graduate of

Creighton University, Omaha, has just returned from the Mainland and will open new dental parlors in the Young Kwong Loy building on Kamehameha Avenue. Dr.

Yuen expects to open next week and is busy installing a Ritter dental unit at present, the outfit being the first of its kind in Hilo, Hawaii."

—ELMER L. BARR.



ATHLETICS

BASKETBALL

While the rest of us were spending our time at our studies, the representatives of our basketball ability were entertaining several of the big Eastern aggregations with our Western style of play. It should not really be classed as an entertainment, for in most cases so far encountered the clash has resulted in the defeat of our worthy opponents. Up to the time of the Eastern invasion the team had dropped but one game in the last three years, a record of which very few college teams can boast. That game went to the Michigan Aggies the second night of their sojourn in Omaha. The team began the trip with every confidence, and the results show that this confidence was not misplaced.

The first team met was the Michigan Aggie quintet, at Lansing, Mich., Monday, March 1. Here the boys experienced the same bad luck encountered in the game previously lost to the Aggies. The playing was excellent and full of fight, yet there seemed to be some difficulty in making the ball drop through the basket. At the end of the first half the Blue and White led by a fair

margin—a margin that was retained to the last few minutes of play, when the Aggies, striking a streak of luck, caged a couple of long shots which put them in the lead. In this game seventeen fouls were called on us, a fact that seems very strange when one reviews the previous records of the clean playing of the Creighton team.

From Lansing the team proceeded to Detroit, where they were to meet the University of Detroit five. This team up to the time had a very strong record, having scored victories over several of the big Eastern teams, among whom was the Michigan Aggies. The Detroiters put up a fine fight, but had the smaller end of the tally from the very start. The whole game was rather listless, the first half ending CU-14, DU-7; the second half likewise going to Creighton 10 to 9. After the game several Detroiters said they did not see how the Aggies could have defeated us for Creighton put up a much better game. Haley starred for the Blue and White, with four field goals, while Kearney tallied eight points from free throws.

Summary

Field goals— Detroit: Voss 2, Maher 1. Creighton: Haley 4, Wise 3, Condon 1. Free throws— McElwee, 10 in 16, Kearney 8 in 11. Fouls committed—Detroit: Maher 3, Voss 3, Whitman 4. Creighton: Mulholland 4, Vandiver 3, Kearney 6, Haley 2. Referee: Olds, Ann Arbor. Umpire: McCoulloch, Battle Creek.

Wednesday night the Creightonites encountered the strong St. John's University team at Toledo, Ohio, and trounced them by a score of 30 to 7. Of this game we have a few extracts from several of the Toledo sport pages. One paper states that "Toledo hasn't seen in many, many months a quintet that could pass with Creighton. Every man on the club was an expert at handling the ball. Every man was fast, an excellent dribbler, a marvel at finding a free teammate, and a good shot once the ball was worked under the basket." Also the Toledo Times remarks that "Creighton University has the greatest basketball team that has exhibited in Toledo this winter, according to the verdict of all lovers of the cage game who watched the Omaha boys romp away from the St. John's quintet at the Westminster Gymnasium. Kearney, center for the Blue and White, was easily the star of the evening, making seven field goals

and then being taken out of the lineup to give place to a substitute. Red Wise, forward of the Creighton team, was given a big ovation when he appeared on the floor, and in the game made three baskets, while Haley, the other forward, caged the ball four times. Miller starred for the locals, making all of the seven points recorded for his team."

Summary

Substitutes—St. John's: Curtin for Czulesta, Quinn for Curtin, Curtin for Vollmeyer; Creighton: Logan for Haley, Condon for Wise, Spittler, for Kearney, Moonan for Vandiver. Field goals—St. John's: Miller 3. Creighton: Haley 4, Wise 3, Kearney 7. Fouls—Miller 1 out of 8, Kearney 2 out of 2, Mulholland 0 out of 2. Referee—Rupp.

After the Toledo game the team went with all the good spirits the St. John's treatment had inspired in them to Hillsdale, where on Thursday night the team of that place was beaten by the score of 24 to 18. Hillsdale claims the Wisconsin state championship and our victory carries much with it.

Then the jump to Cleveland came. Friday the fifth the Rosenblum Credits fell before the Blue and White to the tune of 42 to 30. The following night the Favorite Knits, the strongest semi-pro team of the surroundings, bent our knees by fair and foul. Their

star free-thrower stood on the side-lines for the first three minutes of play, while a giant sub took plans in hand and punched Mulholland without any reason whatever. Mully, of course, came back and it resulted in the banishment of both players. Credit the Cleveland fans for seeing through such sportmanship, for the Knits got the hissing they deserved. And yet the score was only 32 to 31.

On Monday the eighth our five met St. Ignatius College. Here they "exhibited a brand of team work that was entirely beyond the Saints." The Saints led for the first few minutes but our five rallied and the half ended 21 to 9 Creighton. In the second period "the Saints made another futile effort to catch their opponents but the Creighton lads breezed through an easy winner." In this game Haley and Kearney were the chief point getters while Mulholland's guarding was superb.

Tuesday Duquesne University was defeated, 31 to 27. The game was a battle from start to finish, but our opponents admitted the handicaps of a visiting team and the superior work of our valiants.

On Wednesday the tenth the Blue and White lost to the West Virginia Wesleyan quintet by a two point margin. "It was the most brilliant, the most exciting and the best game ever played

upon the floor of West Virginia Wesleyan College. The game was keenly fought, very close at every stage and abounded in the most skillful shooting ever seen here. The Creighton University five lived up to their reputation as champions of the great West; and with their passing, smooth team work and scintillating shots were easily the classiest five to have ever played here. Haley and Condon shone for the visitors on the offensive, however the speed of Kearney, Mulholland and Vandiver was dazzling." Although the first half ended 21 to 12 West Virginia, still the edge which they showed over our lads was by no means what the score would seem to indicate. In the second half we outplayed and out pointed them. The winning basket was registered just as the whistle sounded. Had the game ended in a tie we would have won for they were completely fagged out and admitted that they would not have been equal to another five minutes. They candidly acknowledge that our team is the best ever seen on their floor, or ever encountered by them.

Thursday the eleventh saw the team at Marietta, Ohio, where they met and defeated the strong Marietta College five, the champions of Ohio State Conference, conceded to be one of the best teams the East has to offer. The

game was hotly contested by both sides, Creighton outplaying their opponents considerably.

Marietta tied the score at 4 all, 5 all and 7 all in the first half. The first period ended, 9 to 7, in Creighton's favor. Marietta tied the score up at the beginning of the second half and went ahead with Reiter's fielder.

Kearney tied it 11 all, with a fielder. From then on Marietta began making baskets right and left and ran the score up to 21 to 12.

Kearney's foul shooting coupled with his excellent basket shots,

totalled the score 26 to 25 in Marietta's favor. With thirty seconds to play Kearney shot the winning fielder from beneath the basket.

Field goals—Marietta: Stewart 5, Reiter 4, Hunter 3. Creighton: Kearney 8, Haley 2, Mulholland 1.

Foul goals—Stewart, 2 out of 6; Kearney, 5 out of 8.

Summary of the Trip

March 1	Michigan Aggies...	32	Creighton 21
March 2	Detroit Uni.	16	Creighton 24
March 3	St. John's Uni....	7	Creighton 30
March 4	Hillsdale College...	18	Creighton 24
March 5	Rosenblum Credits	30	Creighton 42
March 6	Favorite Knits....	32	Creighton 31
March 8	St. Ignatius Col.	22	Creighton 38
March 9	Duquesne Uni.	27	Creighton 31
March 10	West Virginia		
	Wesleyan	35	Creighton 33
March 11	Marietta College...	26	Creighton 27

